

I suppose the King has really rallied, as I met Tom Young, who affected that he had never even been in danger. I met Sir J. Hanmer, the youthful M.P. for Shrewsbury, and his pretty - wife, and was glad to make his acquaintance, for he is full of talent and literature, and so enthusiastic an admirer of mine that he had absolutely read the *Revolutionary Epick*.

The party at Bridgewater House last night turned out to be a grand concert, and the best assembly that has been given this season. There were about one thousand persons, and the suite of apartments, including the picture gallery, all thrown open and illuminated, and I enjoyed myself excessively.¹

Among Disraeli's papers there is an account² of Burdett which is interesting, if for no other reason, because there was a certain analogy between Burdett's political vicissitudes and Ms own; both of them having been. Radicals and Reformers, while Toryism was unregenerate ; both becoming Tories when Toryism had recovered its vitality.

Sir Francis Burdett was a very high-bred man, very tall, and with a distinguished countenance. He was a complete Norman. As an orator, in his best days, he had no equal. It was all grace and music; never was a more commanding manner or a finer voice. The range of his subjects was limited, referring mainly to the character of the constitution; the rights and grievances of the people, &c., &c.: but of these he was master. His declamation was fiery and thrilling, but always natural. He was one of the most natural speakers I recollect; never betrayed into bombast, either in matter or manner. He had considerable power of sarcasm, and his hits always told. His quotations were, I think, generally from Shakespeare.

In politics he was a Jacobite. He was sprung from a Jacobite family, and entered life with the hereditary opinions of his class. He was against the Boromongers, that is to say, the new capitalist classes which William the Third and the House of Hanover had introduced: he was for annual Parliaments and universal suffrage, as Sir William Wyndham and Sir

¹ *Letters*, p. 112. ² Written about 1863.

